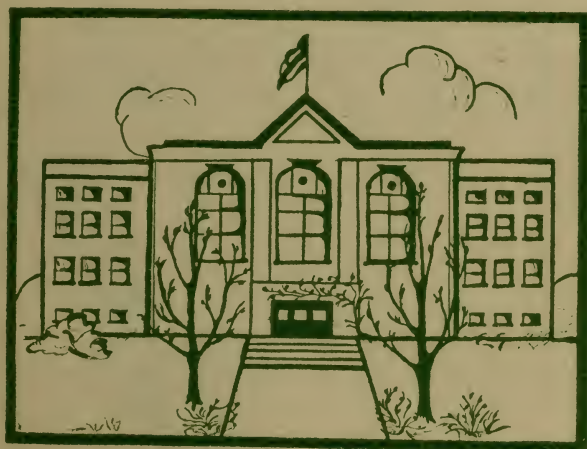


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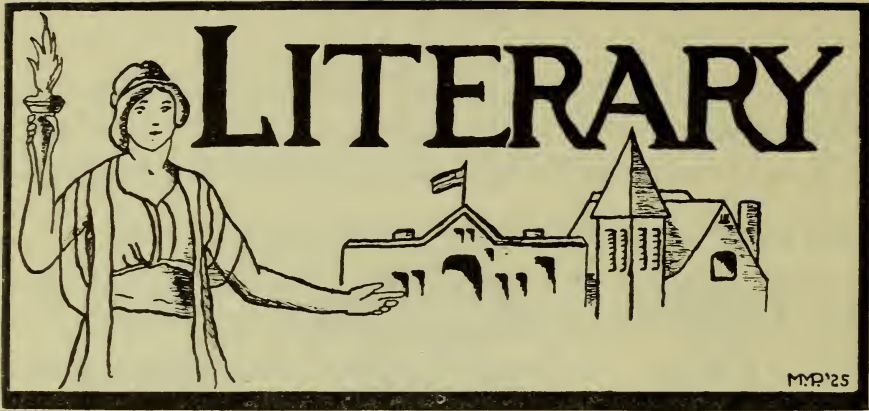


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THE AMATEUR DETECTIVES

Jack and Joe were two chums who lived in the large city of New York. They were both members of the Boy Scouts of America. Jack's father was an artist who was known all over the world as a famous painter and photographer. Joe's father belonged to the Secret Service of the United States. His specialty was finger prints.

It was Friday night and both boys were going to the scout meeting. At each meeting the scout master gave a fifteen minute talk on some special topic. This evening he talked on the future of the scouts. He said, "It is now time for you boys to think about the future. You should decide on what you want to be in life."

As soon as the boys got outside they began to talk about what they were going to be. "Say! Joe I'm going to be an artist, the same as my dad. What are you going to be?"

"I'm going to follow my father's work, you know what that means. I'm going to be a detective."

As they were departing Jack

called, "Remember, we're going to take pictures tomorrow at two o'clock."

"All right I'll call for you," he answered.

The next day at two o'clock they started for the photographer's to buy their films. The photographers and the boys were great friends. The boys knew so much about photography that they helped out in the studio during the busy seasons. "Well I hope you get some good snap-shots today," said Mr. Lane. "If you do, you want to bring them over and put them on display."

"Sure!" answered Jack, "I have some nice ones in my museum." Mr. Lane wished them good luck as they were going out the door and his wish was fulfilled.

They had not gone far when Jack saw a flock of pigeons over head.

"Gee! Joe, I hope they land so I can get a picture of them."

"Oh! Jack, they've just lighted on the top of an auto in front of the First National bank."

When they reached the bank they saw the birds on top of a bright red "Rolls Royce." There was a small boy throwing peanuts up on top of the roadster. The pigeons were all over the car. The man at the wheel was having considerable trouble starting the car. Finally both of the men got out to see what the trouble was. In the meantime each of the boys had taken a picture of the car and pigeons. Jack said he was going to try and sell the pictures to the New York papers.

The two men were trying to fix the auto. One had the hood of the engine off and the other was partly under the front of the car. They were in their shirt sleeves and their hands and faces were smeared with grease. Jack thought they looked too funny for any thing, so he took another snapshot.

Just as the boys were leaving, one of the men called Joe and asked him if he could direct him to the state road. Joe immediately took a city guide book from his pocket and handed it to the stranger. The man made a copy of the map on a paper and thanked Joe.

The next day was Sunday. After Jack came from church he picked up the paper. The first thing he saw was the headline, "Fifty-Thousand Dollar Robbery." He read it through and found out that it happened at two o'clock Saturday afternoon, just fifteen minutes after they had taken the pictures of the "red car." The robbers had not left one single clew. There were no finger prints because they worked with gloves.

Some people who passed the bank at two o'clock saw a red car with a Massachusetts number plate on it. The police thought the car might have belonged to the thieves. But it was impossible to find the car.

All of a sudden it dawned on Jack that they had a picture of the car and two men. He was all excited. He took his pictures and the paper and rushed down to Joe's house. As he passed the police station he saw a notice on the bill board. It read as follows: "Five thousand dollars re-

ward for any information which might lead to the arrest of the robbers of the First National Bank. This made him run all the faster. As soon as he turned the next corner, he met Joe who was running as fast as his legs would carry him. Joe had also read the paper. After Jack told him about the reward he felt like dancing with glee. Jack told him all about the snap shots.

"Gee! Joe, we've got enough on them to send them to Sing Sing."

"You bet your life," answered Joe. "I've got the finger prints of both of them too. Remember they were both looking at my city guide book and their hands were all grease."

"Sure!" answered Jack.

"Well those prints are perfect. Besides one of them must have had a scar on his thumb because there was a bare spot nearly three-eighths of an inch long."

"But," interrupted Jack, "we can't see the chief of police today because it is Sunday."

"I know what we'll do," answered Joe. "We'll go up to our museum and make some perfect copies of the original finger prints and then we can photograph them."

"Yes!" said Jack. "We can also make some enlargements of the car and the two men. I forgot to tell you that the number plate in the pictures could be read very easily."

"I tell you what we will do Jack. You work on the snap shots and I'll make some perfect pictures of those finger prints."

"All right," said Jack, "here goes."

After three hours of hard work they had all the necessary evidence to convict the two men if they were wanted.

Monday morning they both met at the park and from there they went to the chief of police. The chief who was Mr. Adams became very interested in their account of the red car. He commended them on their good work and asked them if they would like to visit the rogues' gallery. They both answered, "Yes," at the same time. Mr. Adams explained to them that he would have to see if there was a record of these men at the rogues' gallery. After fifteen

minutes they found pictures and finger prints which corresponded with their own. The strangers were known as Slippery Jim and the Mole. They both had criminal records.

"Well boys," said Mr. Adams, "This looks mighty good for you but very bad for them. I'll put my best detectives on this case at once." "I hope you find them," Jack said.

Mr. Adams told the boys he would call them up if anything turned up.

The following Friday both boys received a telephone call requesting them to be at the court at nine o'clock. Jack and Joe both hurried

down to the court. They were admitted to Mr. Adams who was all smiles.

"Boys," he said. "Your friends are behind the bars and their trial starts in five minutes. You will have to act as witnesses against the prisoners."

After an hour the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty!" Before the court was dismissed the judge called the two boys before him and congratulated them on their good work. He handed each a check for twenty-five hundred dollars. They were the happiest boys on earth.

J. K. '25

RAMBLINGS OF AN OFT BORROWED PEN

While thinking of some topic to write about for an English theme I became conscious of a peculiar feeling. My head began to nod and droop and my eyes slowly but surely closed. In this condition I had remained for some little time when I heard several "Ahems" coming from no-where in particular. At first they were rather weak and rough, but soon gained strength and clearness.

"Well! well! well," said a voice.

Looking around, I could discern no one so I concluded that I was hearing things and settled back again. But I had no sooner settled down than I noticed an old school pen standing near the inkwell.

"Oh, misery, I'm dry," said the voice, and this time I perceived that it came from the pen.

"If you," addressing me, "will kindly remove the top of the inkwell, I will refresh myself and maybe I can interest you in my story."

"Ha," said I, "Here's something exciting," and forthwith I removed the top of the inkwell.

The pen then immersed his snout in the sparkling liquid and bade fair to drown itself. However, after a while the first pangs of dryness having been allayed it withdrew and wiped its snout with my pen-wiper, thereby spoiling it by putting ink on it for the first time.

"Oh, that's better! And now I'll tell you my history. About two years ago, I left the manufacturers, and was sent to Turners Falls High school. I was destined to become the property of a senior and accordingly on the first day of school I was taken possession of by a very fair young lady. The very first thing I did was to reproduce her name on paper. The first day I did but little else except to make notes on the coming lessons. After a week I set to work in earnest and was instrumental in producing a couple of works in English and History. I also did a little Latin and French. The following weeks were the same and I soon became quite brilliant in these subjects. However, owing to nervousness, my fair owner endeavored to make a lunch of me. This resulted in a handful of dents which permanently injured my new coat of shiny black. On account of this, I waited a chance to escape and one day when she laid me down for the time being I rolled off on the floor.

"I was picked up by a freshman and then began a gay life. I worked but little and when I did, out of pure mischievousness I dug into the paper, made blots and misbehaved in general. For this I was cast across the class-room and was picked up by a studiously inclined junior girl. I delved deep into philosophy and num-

erous subjects of like nature. I stayed here so long that I begun to feel very wise and learned. But I was arrested in the midst of such contemplations by the hand of a frivolous sophomore girl who borrowed me for a short period.

"This time I was pressed into service in a time honored custom of writing notes. Strange to say, I never returned to my previous owner. Nay, I stayed with my new owner for a week and then I was again borrowed and I fell into the hands of a noted scribe. This scribe was a junior boy and under his direction, I composed a number of essays and poems. I was again borrowed, by a teacher, and I spent the remainder of the year correcting exams and putting marks in the teacher's doomsday book.

"The last year was the same. I acquired many more dents from nervous teeth, and was shortened by a boy with a jack-knife who trimmed my ragged end. Then a senior girl gave me a new point, and that point was a nice one. It had a rolled end and it insured a smooth passage over the paper thus easing my rheumatism."

"What do you think of prohibition?" said I.

"I don't think, but if they shut off my supply of ink I surely shall strike." And with this it took a deep draught of ink.

"What are the general characteristics of each class?"

"Well, the freshmen are mostly a pleasure loving crowd and they never used me for much of anything. The sophomores used me chiefly for brilliant sayings plentifully inter-mixed among essays and a nature pertaining to near wisdom. The juniors used me for deep philosophical themes. And the seniors used me for letters, lectures to the unsophisticated under class men, applications for college and many other subjects of similar nature. But for an easy, happy-go-lucky existence, give me the freshman year."

However, at this point my father entered and rudely awakened me by demanding the reason for the unearthy trumpeting, probably meaning snoring, but I assure you that I never snore. However, that ended the pleasant little chat between the pen and me.

D. H. '23

HOME AT LAST

At dusk a sail appeared in the gray horizon. "It must be the 'Sally Moore' returning from her long trip" thought the people. The waves were dashing higher every minute when suddenly the distress signal was hoisted on the ship. From the lighthouse Nancy noticed the signal. She had been watching the ship.

"Oh father," she cried, "the distress signal is up. They need help." The old sailor looked through the telescope.

"Yes, Nancy you are right."

Nancy had helped her father for many years in the old lighthouse. She knew what was needed.

Before many minutes passed Mr. Ward had notified the life saving crew and they were on their way to the ship.

The news quickly spread and soon the shore was crowded with mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts straining their eyes to see the ship.

"Is it the 'Sally Moore'?" they cried.

"It is due tomorrow but possibly it may have arrived ahead of time," reported Mr. Ward.

The life saving boats reached the ship. After filling them to capacity they started for shore. The waves continually tossed the boats up and down but the well trained seamen guided them safely to shore.

The captain of the crew said, "We must return and send out more boats. The engine is broken and the ship has a large hole in it."

The sturdy men turned their boats

seaward. More men went out in boats. Anxiously the people awaited the arrival of each boat. Suddenly there was a deafening crash.. What could it be? The angry waves had tossed two boats together and the helpless people were fighting for their lives. One boat was wrecked but the other was still able to come to shore. All but one man, a stranger, had been saved.

The day before a heavy fog had hung low. It seemed almost possible to cut it with a knife. The "Sally Moore" collided with another ship at sea. The other boat was so badly wrecked that the people scarcely had time to get away before it sank.

The "Sally Moore" had suffered too. Near the bow was a large hole. It had been mended but the lashing waves had found their way in.

While the people were talking it over a man was seen swimming for shore. Men were sent to help him and when he was finally safe in the boat he sank, completely exhausted. The people's cheers seemed to arouse him. Mr. Ward and Nancy were on the landing when the boat entered. With one cry of joy the stranger embraced Mr. Ward crying "Father" and then Nancy recognized him as her brother who had been lost in a ship-wreck ten years before.

When he gained enough strength to speak he said, "All these years I've been longing for home, but I thought I should never see you again. Today the engine refused to work and then we collided with another boat. It was certainly a fight for life but at last I've won."

A. E. G. '24

THE MYSTERY OF THE "MARY CELESTE"

For over a year I had been a victim of ennui and my doctors recommended an extended visit to Spain and Portugal. They didn't however, recommend any means of killing time.

On this particular morning I was wandering by the sea as was my habit every morning, but was in an unusually bad humor. I hadn't been in the mood to paint for several days. I remember that I was grumbling to myself, about nothing in particular but everything I ever saw or heard of. Pouting like a child of four I flopped down on the sand, very near the water's edge and dared the waves to come closer. Defiantly I piled the sand in front of me to form a barrier. A small dirty looking object caught my attention and catching it up I was about to throw it as far as possible toward the waves when I noticed the object was tied with a string. Without curiosity I jerked the string from it and then

discovered that the surface was oiled skin. I threw away this covering and found a few coins and a small book. I turned the leaves hurriedly. The writing was small and the lines close together but still they could be read. Near the last pages I found the name "Mary Celeste" several times. Where had I heard the name before? My grandfather, an old sea captain, well known in the nautical world had often spoken of the "Mary Celeste." It was the ship that had so mysteriously been abandoned nearly fifty years before and not one of the crew was ever found.

I postponed my siege with the waves and went back upon the rocks to read the little old diary.

"Nov. 7, 1872. The Mary Celeste left New York today with a cargo of case oil—mostly naptha. We are bound for Genoa. This is my first voyage with the "Mary Celeste" as mate. Captain Ellis has brought his wife and baby this trip.

"Nov. 12. The wind has been excel-

lent and we have made fine time. In three weeks we shall be in Genoa.

"Nov. 14. Strange things have come to pass that have almost caused mutiny. Noises in the night that cannot be accounted for. No part of the ship is free from them, even the masts appear to have been tampered with. Searches have revealed nothing. Supplies are missing, meat and bread are the food that has disappeared, none of the canned goods.

"Nov. 20. Captain Ellis fears mutiny. The old sailors are very superstitious. Mrs. Ellis has been very brave but the strain and anxiety is shown in her face. The ropes were disturbed during the night and we heard a great disturbance in the hold. Investigations proved nothing.

"Nov. 26. The guards of the night watch have been doubled but nothing has come of it. The second mate swears that he saw an object among the masts near dawn. The men have pleaded with Captain Ellis, and threatened, but he is as helpless as they. Sharks have been seen for the past few days. The captain is quite concerned over this turn of affairs.

"Nov. 30. The number of sharks has increased daily. The monster aboard is growing bolder and bolder. I fear for the outcome. Sharks following and what is ahead?

"December 4. Three days more and we shall be within sight of land. Thank God we shall see other men again. This suspense is driving us all mad. One of the old sailors was found insensible this morning. He said that he had rushed at a moving object with an iron pin and he was seized and hurled to the deck by a monster of superhuman strength. We pray that the sharks will abandon the chase as we near land.

"December 10. The pilot was found dead this morning. His skull and several bones were crushed. We concluded that he had attacked the being for a heavy oak club lay near him. The skipper was not killed by any weapon, however. The crew is dumb and paralyzed with fear.

"December 11. After another night of awful sounds we have decided to leave the ship. Better face the sharks a hundred times than attempt to fight this unknown terror. We shall

all leave in one boat to be better protected. We are quite near land and trust to luck that we shall be within reach of help before the sharks attack us.

"This may be the last time I shall ever write, for in ten minutes we are leaving the "Mary Celeste." The ever watching terrors below seem to understand for they are dense around the vessel. This at least will be a merciful death."

I eagerly searched for further writing but found none. From the beach I ran to an old office on the pier where I could find records and old clippings concerning the vessels I wished to know about. For two hours I devoured musty old papers, yellow with age until I found that the Portuguese vessel "Dei Gratia" found the "Mary Celeste" abandoned December 11, 1872. No trace of the crew was found. Meat was cooking on the stove and there was an unfinished garment on the sewing machine. Child's toys were strewn around the floor. The hanging ropes indicated that a small boat had been lowered. The Portuguese vessel took the "Mary Celeste" into port and notified the Dean Consolidated Oil Company. This is as much information as I could find there. For days I haunted the waterfront begging to see old records and reports of ships.

Then I found the missing link in this mystery.

"Professor McLean of Columbia University, teacher of Zoology has recovered a valuable gorilla recently taken in Africa for study of evolution of man. The gorilla was partially tamed when it arrived in New York. Before arrangements could be made the animal had broken away and disappeared. December thirteenth a gorilla was found in Lisbon wandering around the storehouses. The gorilla was confined and several weeks after, in answer to the many notices, Professor McLean responded and proved the gorilla to belong to him."

I advanced this theory to several old sea captains and after much deliberation we agreed upon this solution of the mystery of the "Mary Celeste."

MILDRED MAYNARD '23.

STEVENS WINS HIS LETTER

It was the night before Brockton High's big game with Lakewood. There had been a rally in the hall, and at the end Principal Hall had made a short speech to the team, closing with the words, "Above all, boys, be loyal to the school; it may mean a sacrifice on your part but it is for the honor of the school. Loyalty always receives a reward." These words seemed to hit directly at Jack Stevens, and as that individual trudged homeward, he turned his problem over and over in his mind.

It had all started a month before. Jack and the captain of the team had been swimming together when McBride was seized with cramps at a time when he was far out from shore. Jack, who himself could not swim very well had risked his life and had gone out to aid McBride. After a hard tussle Jack had at last got McBride to the shore where he soon revived. McBride, besides being very profuse in his thanks, had promised Jack that he would do him a favor some day. Jack had dismissed this from his mind and had not given it another thought until now, when it came back to him with staggering force. The day before, McBride had told Jack that he would pitch against Lakewood. Jack had been greatly astonished at this bit of news for he was only a mediocre pitcher, while Charles Curtis who he thought would play, was Brockton's star pitcher. Jack knew that he stood no chance against Lakewood's heavy hitters, but Jack wanted to win his letter, and to do this he had to play in one of the big games with either Millvale or Lakewood. Jack had not played in the Millvale game and this was his last chance to win his letter. His mind was in a turmoil. He wanted Brockton to win; yet with

his pitching, they had little chance to do so. He wanted to win his letter, but was it right to sacrifice the chances of the school's winning for his sake?

At last he reached a decision. Turning back, he soon came to McBride's house. He entered, and we will leave the reader to guess what occurred there. When he came out, he felt light-hearted and went homeward whistling merrily.

I will not bother you with the details of the game. Let it suffice to say that Curtis pitched a masterful game holding Lakewood's sluggers to five hits while the Brockton men pounded out enough hits to win by the score of 4 to 0.

That night a feast was given for the victorious team, when it was over the list of the players who had won their letters was given. After the list had been read McBride stumbled to his feet and after a few incoherent words at last broke forth into speech, "Fellows," he said, "there is one other lad here who is also going to get his letter. That fellow is Jack Stevens. You all know that he saved my life this summer and I told him that some day I would do him a favor. I thought that I would do it by letting him pitch against Lakewood, although it would mean sacrificing our chances of winning. I therefore, told him that he would pitch. Last night, however, he came to my house and declared that he absolutely refused to play. I was glad to see that he had so much sand in him and I made up my mind that he would get his letter. After he had gone, I went to Dr. Hall and told him the whole story. He declared that Stevens would get his letter because he really deserved it. Now, fellows, I propose three cheers for Jack Stevens who has done as much, if not more, toward winning the game than any of us."

As the cheers rang through the building Jack heartily agreed with Dr. Hall that "loyalty always receives a reward."

M. A. '27

DIDDLING

Our knowledge about diddling was very vague and is even yet, so vague that we were obliged to consult a dictionary, or rather two dictionaries. At first we suspected that it was one of those words like ego-centric and autobioloquacious. However, when it appeared in the dictionary we took heart.

We are almost sorry now that we chose to write about "Diddling" rather than the other topics. It was finally settled by the process of elimination. If we wrote about "Telephone Manners" we should like to have at least one volume for the toll operator and that would take too long. "Mental Precipitates" sounds rather like chemistry and we know nothing about it. Then "Rising to the Occasion" would be an unfortunate choice since that is a thing we never could do, and one cannot explain to someone else what he does not understand himself although people attempt to do so with varying success. Neither do we understand

completely "Human Registers." One old lady we know of would not have made a good thermometer because her face always registered freezing.

And now how are we to write about diddling and yet include all the meanings of the word? We almost forgot to say that it means to overreach or cheat, to totter like a child.

When we skii the word may be used equally well in all its meanings. We diddle when starting, that is we overreach. We diddle again when we totter. We will charitably pass over the rest, and when the affair is over we tell our friends that we have been skiing. That is cheating, diddling in its worst sense. The truth is that when the skii did not run away we involuntarily sat down on them and used them as a toboggan.

Diddling is a nice sounding word, suggestive of Mother Goose rhymes, but it is too ambiguous. We shall never adopt it as a part of our vocabulary.

F. G.

JOYCE MACKAY, PROBATIONER

Silence reigned over the St. Anthony's hospital. Everything was spick and span, not a bandage or instrument out of place. Light-footed nurses passed from one bed-side to another, bringing words of cheer and comfort to the suffering patients.

As the big clock chimed the hour a new group of nurses came to the relief of the tired watchers. One pretty black-haired nurse hurried along the corridors to her room. Quickly removing her starched gown, she threw herself on to her cot and burst into bitter tears. For a time her whole body seemed to shake with long suppressed sobs.

"Oh! how I do wish I was home," she sobbed, "to think I could be so weak as to faint upon witnessing a slight operation. What must the doc-

tors and nurses think of me? And I did want to be successful. I just know they won't give me another chance." For a time Joyce Mackay sobbed on until finally, after being overcome with exhaustion, she fell asleep. For this reason she did not hear her room-mate, Grace Parks, enter the room. Grace was about to speak to her when she noticed Joyce's red and swollen face.

"Why, the poor dear," she said to herself, "to think that she should feel so badly about an incident like that. Why, that was the first time she ever was in the operating room. And she's so sensitive. I know what to do, I shall go to Dr. Best and tell him about Joyce and I know he will let her help tomorrow on that operation which he is to perform." With

these words the kind-hearted girl left the room.

The next morning to her intense surprise, Joyce was summoned to the operating-room. Dr. Best with his kind face lit up by a merry smile, told Joyce to appear on duty within an hour in the operating room. Joyce could hardly speak. She started to protest but the words would not come because of the joy that she had a chance to redeem herself. She resolved to be successful this time or die in the attempt.

All too soon the fateful hour arrived. The various doctors and nurses in their white gowns were gathered about the operating-room, each preparing for his special task. At first Joyce thought that she would not be able to do it. The very odor of the room and the silent figure on the operating table seemed to make her head whirl in all directions. She was greeted by a cheery smile from Dr. Best who set her to work preparing bandages.

For a long hour which seemed a century to her, Joyce followed out

Dr. Best's low, curt demands. With quick silent movements she hurried about the room, performing her many tasks in such a way that she won admiration even from the busy doctors. But how could they know that the only thing which kept her from fainting was that small voice "I will do it. I will!"

At last the operation was over and Joyce was allowed to go to her room. She was as pale as a ghost and her hands shook as if she had a chill. Dr. Best, seeing this, handed her a glass of water. With a gentle pat on her shoulder he said, "You did nobly Miss Mackay, as well as my best trained nurse could have done." With these words in her ears a very pale but happy girl hurried from the room. "She will be a fine nurse some day," declared Dr. Best.

If we were to study Miss MacKay's life further, we would find that this became true. For, year after year saw her climbing the stairs to fame until she became the best and most adored nurse in St. Anthony's hospital.

D. A. W. '24

LOYALTY TO OUR SCHOOL

What do you mean by loyalty? It is something that we all can possess. Why not cultivate it? Loyalty is merely being true to our school.

Would you be true to your business employer? Most of us try to be. Then why not think of our teacher as our employer. Do our work as efficiently and as accurately as we can, every day.

Some one has said that every day a boy or girl spends in school is worth ten dollars. If you were working in an office, and were promised ten dollars a day, would you do your work any better, to earn the money? By doing your work well you are helping yourself more than anyone else. By doing poor work you only

harm yourself. Many fail to understand this.

Loyalty should be practiced not only in the class room, but in the ball field, in all the games. If you cannot play, you can be a rooter. There are never too many cheers, and you are not very apt to spoil your voice. The boys feel as though they have nothing to fight for when there is no cheering section. How are they to know that their school wants to see them win?

If ever you go from one town to another, do not hit your former school. It was probably that the trouble was with you, not the school. Boost your school, and all it represents, including the school paper. Your school needs your hearty support, so give it with a good grace.

H. S. '23



EDITORIALS

What constitutes a successful school paper? What should we try to achieve in publishing Netop, the Turners Falls High School paper? We want constructive criticism because it is only through an exchange of ideas and opinions that the best policies can be formulated. We always appreciate criticism from anyone interested in Netop.

One of Netop's needs at present is more support from alumni and friends. All the leading firms in Turners Falls and many in surrounding towns advertise in our paper. Our purpose is to give them the best value possible for the money which they spend in advertising. The greater the number of readers Netop has, the better returns the advertisers receive. Our Exchange list is large and is constantly increasing. Nearly all the students in T. F. H. S. subscribe and their support of the paper is unquestionable. The one remaining way to increase the subscription list is from outside sources. It is up to the alumni.

There are two reasons which may explain their present indifference, namely: removal from town or dissatisfaction with the standard of Netop. In the first case, the thing to do is write us and subscribe for a year. We receive special postage rates and the paper will cost them no more than it does a resident of Turners Falls. If Netop is not what it ought to be, the standard can best be raised by strong support and good advice.

This issue sees the beginning of our new Exchange policy. Hereafter we shall print no comments on Netop by other school papers as we feel the space can be devoted to other material more interesting to the majority of our readers. We believe this is a necessary step in as much as Netop is not a large paper. This does not mean we no longer welcome criticism from other papers, for any comments will be gladly received and profited by whenever it is possible. We shall comment on other papers by mail.

Students of T. F. H. S., our athletic teams need better support. If you cannot possibly be present at any of the games, do your bit by at least paying your athletic dues for the year.

We regretted very much receiving the resignation of Katherine Kelley, our Exchange Editor, for she has managed her department very successfully and efficiently.

We take pleasure in using this opportunity to thank Miss Craig and her drawing classes for the fine work they have done in making cuts for Netop.

Not So Good

Perfectly Well Meaning Old Lady:
"Thank you so much for your song, my dear. It took me back to my childhood days on my father's farm, and when I shut my eyes and listened to your singing I seemed to hear the dear old gate creaking in the wind."

NOTES OF INTEREST

"THE DRUM MAJOR"

The Glee club is already at work on the operetta, "The Drum Major" and the cast has been selected. John Charron takes the part of Jean, the village musical genius and Beatrice Herrick is Babette, his adoring sweetheart. Clarice, the prettiest woman in Paris is played by Anna Crean, while Sergeant Leroux of the French army is Russel Nims.

Sergeant Leroux visits Passy on a fete day in the hope of gaining recruits. He is not very successful until Clarice comes to his aid and secures for him fifty-six future field marshals. Jean is completely enthralled by Clarice's charms, and enlists, against the wishes of his sweetheart, Babette. The soldiers march away to war and nothing is heard from them for months until one day they appear, well sickened of war.

The events that follow prove most interesting and satisfactory, which can best be appreciated by attending the production in April.

The Juniors held a class meeting March eighth for the purpose of electing a committee for the coming prom. That committee consists of the following members: Raymond Braun, Chairman; Beatrice Herrick, John Charron, Herman Koch, Marion Royer and Anna Crean.

The Freshmen held their first class meeting March thirteenth. The following officers were chosen to lead the class: John Horrigan, president; Edward Milkey, vice-president; Gert-rude Maynard, secretary; Mark Crean, treasurer.

Curiosity Satisfied

One sleeve hung empty, one leg was abbreviated at the knee and on his breast gleamed four medals for bravery in battle. A woman stopped him on the street and inquired patronizingly:

"Did you get your injuries in real action?"

"No'm," he replied promptly. "I was dog robber for the cap'n when we were up in the Argonne. He asked me to clean out his canary's cage and the darned bird bit me."

THE CHAMPION

The Senior Class of Turners Falls High School will present the three act comedy, "The Champion," on May 11th in Hibernian hall.

The scene is laid in Knotley, a quiet English village. The plot deals with the reappearance of the family prodigal in his home and the complications which then result. It is full of humor and sparkling wit from beginning to end. If you enjoy a good laugh and a good play you cannot afford to miss seeing "The Champion."

Dramatis Personae

Jane Burroughs . . . Dorothy Parsons
Mary Burroughs . . . Frances Gowans
John Burroughs . . . Richard Clapp
George Burroughs . . . Gerald Lepean
David Burroughs . . . Forrest Fitts
Lady Elizabeth Galton, Arlene Payne
Lord Brocklington . . . Owen Johnson
William Burroughs . . . Harold Clark
Antoinette Dorothy Hewitt
Simmons Clinton Nims
Mr. Mooney, Mayor of Knotley

. Fred Haigis
Miss Coykendall . . Elizabeth Casey
Earl of Chuffleigh . . Russell Parks
Marquis of Harroween

. Dunstan Jackson
Frank Smith Paul Fournier
"The Champion" will be produced by special arrangement with Samuel French of New York.

The following awards have been given out in the typewriting department:

Royal, Card Cases, G. Conway, M. Cole.

Underwood, Certificate, H. Shibbles.

Remington, Card Case, B. Rivet.

Gold Medals, G. Conway, H. Gibson.

Suspected

The general manager entered the superintendent's office mysteriously.

"That new assistant to the superintendent," he said, "reports every morning on time, works hard all day, attends strictly to business and is the last to leave at night."

The president turned white and trembled.

"It is as I suspected," he exclaimed. "A detective."

ALUMNI

Theta Chi House,
University of Maine
Alma Mater,
Turners Falls High School.

To the Undergraduates and Seniors
and Alumni:

As I sit at my desk this evening, thinking out this message, my mind is crowded with happy memories, of my own days in dear old T. F. H. S.

It is almost three years, now, since I became an alumnus of our Alma Mater, yet it seems only yesterday that old '20 planted its ivy, while a gentle June shower gave it its first nourishment. We were all happy and jubilant, then, for each of us held great hopes for the future. Some of us were to enter college, while others of us were to enter the business world. And then, had we not reached that goal toward which we had striven so zealously for four years? Yes, quite rightly, we were light-hearted and gay, but little did we realize, that while we had many pleasures and new experiences in store for us, never again would we enjoy pleasures of high school; never again would we find ourselves in such a close and lasting unit as our high school class; and never again, after graduation, would we be all together. It has taken time to show us these things, while the talks of our instructors merely were forgotten. Time, however, has not robbed us of our memories, and as years pass these become ever dearer, because we are constantly losing touch with those with whom they are connected.

A toast, then to all our loyal alumni, and particularly to those of old '20. Remember our excellent motto, followers of the Green and White, and lovers of the Blue and White,—“Soyez-Ferme”—and when in times of thoughtfulness, especially at Commencement when you are far away, turn back the pages of your memory mind and give your spirit to T. F. H. S.

It is only a few short months, now until you Seniors will be graduating. Soon you will be in a similar position as that I have just pictured a moment ago. You will be finishing one epoch in your life's history, and will be about to step across the threshold into your second epoch, which I hope will be further study; exultant and expectant. Remember that never again, during the remainder of your life, no matter to what place of business, institution or country you go, never again will you experience those same happy, carefree, wonderful high school days. Therefore, Seniors, resolve as a body, to make the most of your remaining days with dear old T. F. H. S., for they will pass by very quickly now. Strengthen the bonds of friendship, classmates, you will never know their like again. Put a renewed effort into your study, work and play, for all add to the honor of our Alma Mater. And then on the night of your graduation, while you are holding the reward of your efforts and the acknowledgement of your success by Alma Mater, your diploma; and while you are singing for the last time, as a class, your ode; impress upon yourselves the thought that you will always be a loyal alumnus, and will drift back upon memory's path occasionally, to keep alive that spirit you have taken four years to develop. In this way only, will we perpetuate the memory of dear old T. F. H. S.

Hail, then, Seniors! May your last few months within the walls of Alma Mater be ones of scholarship, enjoyment, and achievement; and may the undergraduates profit by your example and “carry on” the good work that you will have so nobly accomplished.

To Alma Mater, I pledge my love.

To the Class of Nineteen Twenty-Three, I wish success.

To the undergraduates, I offer my services and trust that they will uphold and increase the already famed Blue and White.

Your loyal alumnus,

JOHN M. F. DONOVAN, JR., '20

EXCHANGES

Netop welcomes the following exchanges, received since September 1922. We are very proud of the fact that this list includes the "Saint John's Echo" from Shanghai, China.

Netop has a "friendly greeting" for both old and new exchanges.

Academy Student, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Academy Journal, Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.

The Aquilo, Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Me.

The Argue, Gardner H. S., Gardner, Mass.

Bayonet, Miami Military Institute, Germantown, Ohio.

Bostonia, Boston University, Boston, Mass.

Breeze, Chicago, Lake H. S. Lindstrom, Center City, Minn.

Breeze, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham Mass.

Brown Jug, Brown University, Providence, R. I.

Business Spirit, English H. S. Providence, R. I.

The Booster, Wentworth, South Dakota.

The Book Strap, Charleston, West Virginia.

Caduceus, Norway High School, Norway, Maine.

Chatterbox, Wells River High School, Wells River, Vt.

Colby Voice, Colby Academy, New London, N. H.

Critic, Hackensack High School, Hackensack, N. J.

Cycle, Woodsville High School, Woodsville, N. H.

The Cony Cue, Augusta, Maine.

Central Recorder, C. H. S. Springfield, Mass.

Carnegie Tartan, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Penn.

The Dragon, McClain H. S. Greenfield, Ohio.

The Daily Cardinal, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

The Drury Academy, Drury High School, North Adams, Mass.

Egyptian, Carbondale, Illinois.

Echo, South Royalton High School, South Royalton, Vt.

Enterprise, Keene High School, Keene, N. H.

Exponent, Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Mass.

Emerson College News, E. C. Boston, Mass.

The Genevan, Genevan, Nebraska. Gleaner, Pawtucket High School, Pawtucket, R. I.

Graphic, Amherst High School, Amherst, Mass.

The Gypsy, P. H. S. Portland, Ct.

Herald, Holyoke High School, Holyoke, Mass.

Hermonite, Mount Hermon, Mass.

The High School Argis, Beverly, Mass.

Hill Echo, Dyersburg High School, Dyersburg Tenn.,

The Hamptonia, New Hampton Literary Societies, New Hampton, N. H.

Hill Top, Leon H. S. Tallahassee, Fla.

High School Recorder, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Inde, Hanover H. S. Hanover, N. H.

Interlude, South Bend, Indiana.

Johamaean, Mountain Lakes, N. J.

Lancastonian, Lancaster Academy, N. H.

Laurel, Farmington H. S. Farmington, Maine.

Legenda, Williams Memorial Institute, New London, Conn.

Little Red Schoolhouse, Athol H. S. Athol, Mass.

The Leavitt Angelus, Leavitt Institute, Turner Center, Me.

Mantiou, Washington H. S. Manitowoc, Wis.

Medillite, Medill H. S. Chicago, Illinois.

Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

Milachi, Milaca H. S. Milaca, Minn.

Mirror, Mount Clemens, Michigan.

Maroon News H. S. Menominee, Michigan.

Midget Messenger, Alamosa, County H. S. Alamosa, Colorado.

North Central News, H. S. Spokane, Washington.

Oracle, Bangor H. S. Bangor, Me.

Orange Peals, Orange H. S. Orange, Mass.

Orange and the Black, Gilbert H. S. Gilbert, Minn.

- Oriole, Baltimore City College, Baltimore, Md.
 Pennell Whirlpool, Pennell Institute, Gray, Maine.
 Pontiac Chief, Pontiac Township H. S. Pontiac, Illinois.
 Pocumtuck, Deerfield Academy, Deerfield, Mass.
 Pennant, Meriden H. S. Meriden, Conn.
 Passamaquoddy Oracle, Shead Memorial H. S. Eastport, Me.
 Panorama, Binghamton Central H. S. Binghamton, N. Y.
 The Purple Parrot, Red Wing, Minn.
 Quill Staten Island Academy, New Brighton, N. Y.
 Red and White, Iowa City H. S. Iowa City, Iowa.
 Record, Littleton H. S. Littleton, N. H.
 Red and Black, Stevens H. S. Claremont, N. H.
 Rensselaer Polytechnic, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.
 Radiator, Somerville H. S. Somerville, Boston, Mass.
 Review, Central H. S. Washington, D. C.
 Spotlight, Chelsea H. S. Chelsea, Vt.
 Searchlight, R. H. S. Washington, D. C.
 Salemica, New Salem Academy, New Salem, Mass.
 Skyrocket, Wausau H. S. Wausau, Wis.
 Student, Holmen H. S. Covington, Ky.
 Student's Review, Northampton H. S. Northampton, Mass.
 The Spy, Kenoska H. S. Kenoska, Wis.
 Student's Pen, Central H. S. Pittsfield, Mass.
 Shuttle, High School of Practical Arts, Boston, Mass.
 Spectator, Duluth Central H. S. Duluth, Minn.
 Saint John's Echo, Shanghai, China.
 Spotlight, Proctor Junior H. S. Proctor, Vt.
 LeSourire, C. H. S. Carson, North Dakota.
 Tattler, Nashua, New Hampshire.
 Torch, Howe High School, Billerica, Mass.
 The Thorntonite, Harvey, Ill.
 The Tuskagee Student Tuskagee, Alabama.
 Volunteer, Concord H. S. Concord, N. H.
 Winnewissa Ripples, Pipestone H. S. Pipestone, Minn.
 Wyndonian, Windham High School, Williamantic, Conn.
 White and Gold, Woodbury High School, Woodbury, N. J.
 Washington Bugle, Washington Junior H. S. Duluth, Minn.
 Whistler, Island Pond H. S. Island Pond, Vt.
 Wichita Hi-Times, Wichita Falls High School, Wichita Falls, Tex.
 X-Ray, Sacramento H. S. Sacramento, Cal.
 The Maniac, University of Maine, Orono, Maine.
 The Prairie Owl, A. H. S. Amorita, Oklahoma.
 High School Promoter, Clay County H. S. Clay Center, Kansas.
 The Yorkton Woksape, Y. H. S. Yorkton, S. D.
 The Carmanile, Palo Alto, Cal.
-
- The Genuine Article**
- "Drouth!" exclaimed the Old Timer in scorn. "Why, you fellows don't know what a dry spell is. On the stream in Kansas where I settled in 1855 we had to haul water to keep the ferry running."
-
- The Home Wrecker**
- Blackstone: "Now that your boy is back from college, I suppose his head is filled with money-making ideas."
- Webster: "Exactly. Only I wish he'd stop trying them out on me."
-
- R. Welsh—"How strong is that spotlight they have on the tower?"
- L. Calaliber—"Oh! 30,000 pounds horse-power."
-
- Can a wood box? No, but a tomato can.
- Can Sumner Cooke? No, but Louie can.
-
- A little boy came running in from outdoors crying because he had been stung by a bee. "Mamma," he sobbed, "I'd just as lief the bees'd walk on me, but I don't like to have 'em sit down."

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

The first call for baseball practice was posted March 12 and it was answered by twelve battery candidates. Last year's battery was lost through graduation and consequently keen rivalry for those positions is expected.

Only four letter men from last year's team are in school which means that practically a new team must be developed. The four boys remaining from last year's outfit are Lapean, Parks, O'Keefe and Klaiber. The baseball series with Arms Academy last fall brought out many promising candidates and competition for all places in the team is certain.

At a recent meeting of the "T" club, Gerald Lapean was unanimously elected captain. Frederick Haigis was chosen manager. A rather extensive schedule has been prepared, the first game being with Greenfield High at Greenfield on April 19.

The schedule is as follows:—

April 19, Greenfield at Greenfield; April 21, M. A. C. Freshmen at Amherst; April 25, Sanderson Academy at Ashfield; April 28, M. A. C. Two-year at Amherst; May 5, Arms Academy at home; May 9, Sanderson academy at home; May 11, Hopkins Academy at Hadley; May 16, Brattleboro High at Brattleboro; May 19, Arms Academy at Shelburne; May 26, Athol High at home; May 30, Athol High at Athol; June 1, Arms Academy at Shelburne; June 2, Hopkins at home; June 9, Arms academy at home; June 13, Brattleboro at home; June 16, Greenfield at home.

This schedule does not include games with Deerfield Academy and with the local team of Millers Falls and the K. of C.

The Girls' team of T. F. H. S. played the Greenfield Girls but were outclassed. Miss Koch was the only

one to score any points for Turners. The score:

Turners High Girls			
	B.	F.	P.
L. Koch, lb	0	0	0
A. Koch, rb	0	0	0
H. Cassidy, c	0	0	0
A. Crean, c	0	0	0
D. Koch, lf	0	0	0
C. Koch, rf	1	1	3
	1	1	3

Greenfield High Girls			
	B.	F.	P.
G. Facey, rf	2	0	4
P. Seavey, rf	2	1	5
A. Tanner, rf	0	0	0
M. Ballard, lf	7	0	14
M. Mather, c	0	0	0
I. Avery, c	0	0	0
M. Weissbrod, rb	0	0	0
G. Newton, lb	0	0	0
	11	1	23

Referees: Miss Gerrett, Miss Nelson.

What is the difference between a paper dollar and a quarter? Seventy-five cents.

John B. in English: "Uncle Venner lived alone because he kept pigs."

What has four legs and only one foot? A bedstead.

What is the best material for airplanes? Flypaper.

What ship carries the most passengers? Courtship.

Why is a greenback more valuable than gold? Because you double it before you put it in your pocket, and when you take it out you find it increases.

Heard in the Sewing Class

"A silk handkerchief was used by the sailors as a cloth of mourning when the English admiral, Nelson, died in the Civil War."



JOKES



- R. Field - 23

Taking No Chances

In Dawson City a colored man, Sam Jones by name, was on trial for felony. The judge asked Sam if he desired the appointment of a lawyer to defend him. "No, sah," said Sam. "I'se gwine to throw myself on the ignorance of the cote."

English Tit-Bits

"Lincoln showed his kindness when he pardoned the sentry that went to sleep on his watch."

"Susan escorted Mr. Custis into the parlor and he was a negro."

"Daisies pied means walking daisies."

"Daisies pied means the feet of daisies."

"A curfew is a bird."

"A cynosure is a place surrounded by a high wall."

"A cynosure is an opening in a deep canyon."

"His hand caught upon a button on his armor and fell to his side."

"The supper was balmy."

"He had a chronicle pain."

"He saw Duncan lying dead in his brier."

"He killed James Fitz-James and afterwards treated him as kindly as he knew how."

Soph: "I saw a dog commit suicide yesterday."

Freshie: "How did he do it?"

Soph: "He took his tail in his mouth and said, 'This is the end of me.'"

But There Aren't Many

St. Peter was examining a newly arrived immigrant seeking entrance. He had given his occupation as editor and publisher. Following is a transcript of the testimony:

Q.: "Ah, yes—of the world's greatest newspaper?"

A.: "No, sir, Just a common rag."

Q.: "Circulation the largest in your city?"

A.: "No, sir; oh, no indeed! One of the smallest in the country."

"You'll do," said St. Peter. "Pick your harp."

Ingenuity

It was one of those melodramas given by home talent and in the guardhouse scene a real, honest-to-goodness buck private was supposed to be drilled by a bullet while sawing through the bars in an endeavor to gain his liberty. The gun unfortunately missed fire, but the buck, true to form, dropped as if dead.

Something had to be done and that instantly, but the sergeant of the guard was equal to the emergency.

"Thunder and lightning!" he belted. "He's swallowed the hack-saw."

Pat and Mike were sitting on the dock. They had just come from Ireland and were broke. All of a sudden a sea diver came up from the ocean covered with sea-weed. Pat said, "By gosh if I had known the way across I'd have walked meself."

The Remains

A former resident of Greenburg, who had been away for many years, dropped back to his old home town and decided to renew acquaintances. He dropped in at the bank, but behind the cashier's grill was a strange face.

"Isn't Sam Blair cashier now!" he asked.

"No," he isn't with us anymore."

"Oh, has he left the bank?"

"Yes, but that's about all."

Shades of Robert Browning

How they would bring the good news from Ghent to Axis in 1922: "Brr! Crackle! Snap. This is from WXZ, Ghent. Before the news of the day is broadcasted there will be two selections by the Jazz & Shudder orchestra and a bedtime story by Professor Herman Van Verdampt."

Assuming the Responsibility

"Shay, frien,' help me fin' my hat?"

"Why, man, it's on your head."

"On my head? Zasso? Well, then, don't bother. I'll look for it myself."

Obedied to the Letter

A woman going from home for the day locked everything up carefully and for the milkman's benefit left a card on the back door:

"All out. Don't leave anything."

On her return, she found the house ransacked and all her choicest possessions missing. To the card on the door were added the words:

"Thanks. We ain't."

Heard in History

"The last Indian resurrection was in Montana."

A Good Way to Do It

An Evangelist had tacked to a tree at the intersection of two roads a sign bearing the advice: "Prepare to meet thy God." And then along came a man from the State Highway Department who placed a sign right below it with the single word; "Detour."

"The world's all wrong," said the Geology prof as he came across a poorly drawn map.—Octopus.

Some New Information About Literature

The most cheerful author—Samuel Smiles.

The noisiest authors,—Howells.

The tallest author.—Longfellow.

The most flowery author.—Hawthorne.

The holiest author.—Pope.

The most amusing author.—Thomas Tickell.

The happiest author.—Gay.

The most fiery author.—Burns.

The most talkative author.—Chatterton.

The most distressed author.—Akenside.—Royal Gaboon.

Mental Pictures

Of Leading Cities as Seen by People Who Have Never Seen Them

New York—Six million people violently fighting each other for the possession of the twelve square inches of ground to which each is entitled.

Chicago—The entire population engaged in driving endless processions of hogs and cattle into slaughter houses, from which they immediately emerge as hams, sides of beef, lamb chops, bristle brushes and fiddle strings.

Philadelphia — Sleepy citizens dressed in Quaker clothes and using the words "thee" and thou" in conversation.

Boston—Motormen, taxi drivers, street cleaners, holdup men and garbage collectors who chat together in Greek and Latin and put you right when you misquote Emerson, Walt Whitman or Amy Lowell.

Denver—A city of adobe huts built on the top of the Rocky Mountains, up which climb mounted Indians, incurable consumptives and hungry buffalo.

Ex.

Slide, Kelly, Slide

"Sam," said the tenant of the bachelor apartment to the janitor, "if any of the other tenants kick about that little party I had last night, just let it slip your mind."

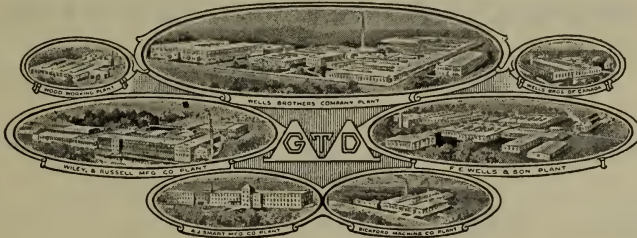
"Yassuh," agreed Sam, "case a five-dollar bill sho' makes a wunnerful banana peel on de sidewalk of mah memory."

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